

THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK

SCRIPT: No. 269

DAY: Friday

DATE: May 31st

CHARACTERS:

HAWK
BARNEY
ANGIE
OBREON
FRANCINE
QUITA

WRITER: Charles Gussman

DIRECTOR: Richard Sanville

SUPERVISOR: Robert J Landry (CSM)

MUSIC: STING - SUSTAIN NOTE UNDER:

(DRONE OF LIGHTPLANE ENGINE - UNDER:)

OBREON: Senor Mallory - maybe Quita does not know that Obreon is her Papa. Maybe Francine does not tell this thing to her.

HAWK: That's altogether likely, Pepillo . . . That's why it's important that we get to Quita before Francine gets away with her.

MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:

ANNOUNCER: Columbia presents - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK - a story of modern adventure high in the skies, wherever planes can go. . . Hop aboard as Hawk Mallory and his nephew, Barney Mallory, pilot their plane along exciting skyways . . .

(PLANE IN)

Every weekday, Monday thru Friday at this time, Columbia brings you - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . .

(PLANE UP AND FADE OUT UNDER:)

Here's the Hawk to continue our story:

HAWK:

Not longer than a half hour ago Pepillo Obreon and I heard the most surprising revelation I ever expect to hear. El Antiguo - the old man who has cared for the girl Quita for many years - revealed that she is the daughter of Obreon and his former wife, Francine - that Francine had come to Pelagrosa this evening during the fiesta and taken Quita away, ^{I presume} to Francesca Island. The significance of this may have escaped Pepillo for the moment - but I can see that this turn of events could destroy all of Obreon's plans for his island people. For Quita, as ~~xxxx~~ Francine's daughter, has inherited ownership of the island - and Francine, thru Quita, could own and control the tungsten mines that Obreon and Pelagrosa have put into production after overcoming great ~~xxxx~~ hardship . . .

(SNEAK IN PLANE - CLIMBING AND TURNING - UNDER:)

A few minutes ago Pepillo and I took off in Angie Yeager's plane in pursuit of Francine and Quita. Now, after I've swept the ~~xxxx~~ shore waters off Francine's Francesca Island beach house preparatory to ~~landing~~ going down, I've started my landing glide . . .

(PLANE IN LANDING GLIDE - UNDER:)

OBREON: Obreon does not have the fear, my friend - but is not it dangerous to land the airplane on this water?

HAWK: No - I've landed here before, Pepillo.

OBREON: But the dark, senor . . .

HAWK: It'll go all right with the landing lights. I wouldn't like to land on strange waters in the dark - but I know this stretch . . . Put on your safety belt, though - it may be a little rugged.

OBREON: Si.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) There are lights in the beach house. That's a good sign.

OBREON: Ah - Francine has not leave, then.

HAWK: We'll soon know. She may have left her servant to close up the place.

OBREON: If she has leave for Martinique we will follow - no?

HAWK: We'll be there in the morning, waiting for them.
(AFTER A MOMENT)

OBREON: Senor Mallory - Obreon does have the fear . . .

HAWK: Just hold tight, Pepillo; another half minute and we'll be on the water.

OBREON: It is not this thing that give to Obreon the fear.

HAWK: Hmmm? What, then?

OBREON: That Francine has turned Quita against me.

HAWK: Are you kiddin'? She couldn't do that.

OBREON: But Francine can promise to Quita many things Obreon cannot give to her.

HAWK: If I know Quita that won't mean anything to her, Pepillo. Francine'd never get her to leave you - that is, not if Quita knows you're her father.

OBREON: If only Obreon can see Quita - talk with her . . .

HAWK: You will see her - in just a few minutes. Stop worrying . . .
and get set for a little jolt - we're hittin' the drink.
(HITTING WATER IN LANDING, RACE ENGINE - WIPE WITH:)

MUSIC: TRANSITION - FADE AND HOLD BRIEFLY - UNDER:

QUITA: (OFF; ANGRILY) No - Quita will not go with you.
^{COMING ON -}
(FRAN, OFF, AD LIBS PERSUASION - UNDER:)
~~a minute later~~

ANNOUNCER: In the Francesca Island beach house ^{Francine du Mont}
Close has Quita's hand - trying to lead the girl toward
the door. Now, as she glances anxiously in the direction
in which the plane ~~has~~ landed a minute before, she suddenly
releases Quita's hand with a cry of pain . . .
You - you bit me!

FRAN: (ON NOW) Ohhhh! . . . Why - you ungrateful little wretch!

QUITA: (NEARLY HYSTERICAL) Quita will not go with you, she say!
You will not let her say the goodbyes to El Antiguo and
papa presidente - so Quita does not want to go with you.

FRAN: You fool - you little fool. . . Don't you know they're
coming to get you.

QUITA: Good. They will not let you take Quita away.

FRAN: Franny - Franny, darling - don't you want to see the
wonderful things in the United States - don't you want
pretty clothes - and wonderful things to eat?

QUITA: Quite are not believe any things you are tell to her.

FRAN: I've told you the truth, Franny . . . anything you want
you may have. I promise it. . .

QUITA: No - you would not treat Quita these way if you are her
mamma.

FRAN: Darling - it's only because I want you to have all of the
fine things that belong to you. Please, dear.

QUITA: Who you are think will not want Quita to have these things you promise?

FRAN: Mr Obreon. He wouldn't let you go.

QUITA: Then Quita would not go, then.

FRAN: Darling, darling - you must understand. I'm your mother - I wouldn't ask you to do anything that - (STOPS ON HEARING:)
(DOOR OPENED - OFF)

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT; OFF) Going some place, Francine?

QUITA: (RELIEF) Senor Mallory!

HAWK: It's all right, Quita. (TURNING) Come on ^{in,} Pepillo.
-GOING OFF)

QUITA: (JOYFULLY, AND WITH JOYFUL TEARS) Papa presidente . . .
Oh, papa presidente - she are say that she is Quita's mamma and she are want for Quita to go 'way with her.

OBREON: (OFF) Quita - my little Quita!
(QUITA CONTINUES TO SOB - OFF - AND OBREON CAN BE HEARD MURMURING ENDEARMENTS - OFF)

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT; ON) Well - it looks as though you're going to have to think of something else, Francine.

FRAN: (DULLY) How did you find out?

HAWK: The effect of
^ sleeping powder wears off, y'know.

FRAN: Esteban told - the whole story?

HAWK: We know the main points. . . Have you told Quita ~~the~~ who Obreon is?

FRAN: No - not yet.

HAWK: You didn't intend to at all - did you?

FRAN: Perhaps I would have - in good time.

HAWK: I think now is a good time.

OBREON: (SPEAKING SOFTLY - MOVING ON SLOWLY) There are nothings to cry abouts, little monkey.

QUITA: (COMPLETING FADE-ON; BEGGING FOR A NEGATIVE ANSWER) But the lady are really Quita's mamma?

OBREON: Si - that is true.

QUITA: She ~~are~~ want Quita to go away with her - and she will not let Quita say the goodbyes to you and El Antiguo.

OBREON: Now you will not go away - unless you are want to go, my little monkey.

QUITA: The lady have promise to Quita many nice things, papa presidente . . .

HAWK: (QUIETLY) I think you'd better tell her, Pepillo.

FRAN: I'll tell her . . .

QUITA: (ALARMED) You are going to ~~say~~ ^{Tell} Quita ^{that she} has to go with her.

OBREON: No-no, little one . . . Please to listen . . .

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) Well, go on, Francine.

FRAN: (AFTER A MOMENT) Don't be afraid of me, ^{Franny} ~~Quita~~. * I only wanted to take you away so that we could become good friends - so that I could be really be a mother to you - a good mother.

QUITA: That are true, papa presidente?

OBREON: You must decide these things for yourself, Quita.

FRAN: It's true, dear - I swear it is. We have so many years to make up.

QUITA: Why you are go away and leave Quita when she are the little baby, then?

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) That's a valid question, Francine.

FRAN: (WITH DIFFICULTY) Someday I'll make you understand, Franny. I can't now - but please believe me - I regret every second I've stayed away from you.

HAWK: This isn't getting to the main point.

FRAN: Please let me tell her in my own way.

HAWK: Well, get to it. You've had plenty of time already to build up a case for yourself - and you haven't made very good use of it.

FRAN: (AFTER A MOMENT) I told you, ^{Franny} ~~Mike~~, that you - you have no father - that he's dead . . . That isn't true.

QUITA: Then where . . . ?

FRAN: Mr Obreon is your father, darling.

QUITA: (AFTER A HELLUVA LONG INTERVAL) Papa presidente . . .

OBREON: (EMOTIONALLY) Quita, my little monkey.

QUITA: (WEEPING HAPPILY) Papa presidente - Quita are always hope someday she would find her real papa and he would be like you.

OBREON: (TEARFULLY HIMSELF) Hey - these are not things to cry about. Here - you stop this cryings.

QUITA: You are cry yourself.

HAWK: (CLOSE ON MIKE) Come on, Francine.

FRAN: But I -

HAWK: (FIRMLY) I said come on.

FRAN: Very well.

OBREON: (AFTER A MOMENT - OFF SLIGHTLY) Where you are go, senor Mallory?

HAWK: I - uhh - have a few matters to talk over with Francine. You straighten Quita out - and join us. We'll be outside on the beach.

FRAN: No - this way, if we're going out to the beach.

(AFTER A FEW SECONDS A DOOR IS OPENED; ON;
WATER DASHING AGAINST BREAKWATER - OFF - ~~UNDER~~
DOOR CLOSED - OFF)

HAWK: (AFTER LONG INTERVAL) Well, Mrs Close, it didn't work out quite as you planned, did it?

FRAN: (RUEFULLY) No - not quite. There was no harm in trying.

HAWK: No? (AFTER A MOMENT) Oh, I see . . . you mean no harm to yourself.

FRAN: I don't think I could take any more of your self-fighteous lectures, Mr Mallory.

HAWK: I have nothing to say to you. I brought you out here to give Pepillo a chance to explain this to the girl. (PAUSE) What are your plans?

FRAN: There hasn't~~be~~ been time for me to formulate new ones.

HAWK: Are you going to try to retain custody of Quita?

FRAN: I don't know.

HAWK: You don't have much of a chance of doing that.

FRAN: Perhaps not . . . but I do have my legal rights.

HAWK: They're not worth much. You'd have quite a time finding a court that would consider you an acceptable mother for the girl.

FRAN: (SMILING REEFULLY) Do courts decide that? . . . Yes, I suppose you're right. (PAUSE) Franny is terribly rich, you know.

HAWK: I guess^{ed}/that. I didn't think you'd be too interested in her~~e~~ if she weren't.

FRAN: You wouldn't believe that - that I really want her because . . . (STOPS) Oh, to the devil with it.

HAWK: Go on - I'll tell you if it's a little too much to swallow.

FRAN: I want Franny because she's my own daughter and because I want to do for her all of the things I should have done in all these years we've been separated. . . Well?

HAWK: It's possible.

FRAN: It's true!

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) I wouldn't have to be Solomon to know what would be the best outcome for all of this. . . . You can't each of you take half of Quita - but you could both have her.

FRAN: Do - do you think Pepillo would have me - after this?

HAWK: You might ask him.

FRAN: I couldn't! (PAUSE) Yes - yes, I could. After this I have no right to any pride.

OBREON: (CALLING FROM DISTANCE) Senor Mallory . . .

HAWK: (PROJECTING) Yes, Pepillo.

OBREON: Quita have decide that she will go back to Pelagrosa with ^{Obrea}~~me~~.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) Okay, Pepillo . . . we'll be with you in a moment. (PAUSE; TO FRAN:) Come on, Francine.

FRAN: No - no - I won't go in. Franny's made her decision.

HAWK: What about you?

FRAN: My decision?

HAWK: Um-hm.

FRAN: (WITH A BIG SIGH) You're not making it any easier for me, Mr Mallory . . . and you could.

HAWK: You're not going to make Cupid's advocate out of me - if that's what you want . . . And I'm not very well suited for the part, either . . . It's between Pepillo and you, Francine.

FRAN: You must know, Mr Mallory . . . would he have me?

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) I think he's nuts - but he would.

FRAN: (QUIETLY) Thank you for telling me, Mr Mallory. . .
Go on - Pepillo and Franny are waiting for you.

HAWK: Aren't you coming?

FRAN: No . . . I^{ll} have to take time to think it thru.

HAWK: What'll I tell Pepillo?

FRAN: Tell him - tell him that I may come to Pelagrosa tomorrow to discuss matters with him.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) See you tomorrow then, Francine.

MUSIC: ^{AND HOLD}
TRANSITION - FADE ^{UNDER:}

HAWK: (NARRATION) The flight back to Pelagrosa I'll remember because there wasn't a word passed between any of us. There just wasn't anything to say. Pepillo sat with his arm around Quita's shoulder - and my one glance at the girl told me that, for the first time in her life, she felt secure and really happy. . . Barney rowed out to meet the plane when we landed in the harbor - and he too sensed the significance of what had come to Pepillo and his daughter. Very unbarneylike he kept quiet, too; in fact he didn't question me about what was on my mind until I stopped at the door of Angie's cabana and knocked . .

(TROPICAL NIGHT SOUNDS HAVE BEEN SNEAKED IN
BEHIND FOREGOING - AND NOW, ON CUE, RAPPING ON
FRAME OF LOOSELY HUNG SCREENED DOOR)

BARNEY: (SOBERLY) You gonna niff-naw with Angie for awhile.

HAWK: Yeah.

BARNEY: I'll go on to our place and wait for ya, then.

HAWK: No - what I have to say is for you as well as for Angie. She must ~~have~~ be asleep already.

(RAPPING REPEATED)

ANGIE: (AT DISTANCE) Who - who is it?

HAWK: Barney and me.

ANGIE: Be right with you.

HAWK: Sit down on the doorstep, Barney.

BARNEY: Sure.

HAWK: What time did the celebration break up?

BARNEY: 'Bout a half hour ago. One o'clock about.

HAWK: Did you go back to it?~~xxxx~~

BARNEY: Yeah. . . Not much fun, though, without Quita.

(SCREENED DOOR OPENED WITH CREAKING HING AND
SQUEEKING SPRING)

ANGIE: (COMING ON) Glad you came by. I was going to wait up
until you got back - but I dropped off.

HAWK: That why you're still wearing the evening gown?

ANGIE: Yeah.

HAWK: Move over, Barney - make some room for Angie.

ANGIE: (SITTING DOWN) Thanks.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) Did you hear about it?

ANGIE: Yeah . . . I couldn't believe it at first - but when I
began to think of it - well, I don't know why we didn't
know all along. Quita does look like Francine - and she
looks like Pepillo, too.

HAWK: I suppose you want the whole story.

ANGIE: That can wait. . . How did Pepillo take it?

HAWK: How do you think?

ANGIE: He must be awfully happy.

HAWK: He is.

BARNEY: Golly - you shoulda seen 'em, Angie - both Mr Obreon and
Quita looked happier than - well, than anybody I've ever seen.

HAWK: Yeah - things have worked out for them - perfectly.

ANGIE: (AFTER A MOMENT) What's on your mind, Thunderbird?

HAWK: Hmmm?

ANGIE: I know you're getting up steam to tell me something. Out with it. I can take it.

HAWK: (WITH A SIGH) Yes - there is something - both of you . . . How would you like to get started back to ~~the~~ Middletown?

BARNEY: Golly, Hawk - you mean now?

HAWK: Tomorrow morning - before Pepillo is up and around. . . Just you and Barney, Angie.

ANGIE: (AFTER A MOMENT) I see.

BARNEY: Hey! - I don't see.

HAWK: There are a few odds and ends ^{Things and} I have to attend to or I'd be off with you . . . but ~~they~~ ^{we} I'll be coming along in a day or two.

BARNEY: But why can't we wait until you take-off, Hawk?

HAWK: Well, Barney - if you leave tomorrow - without saying goodbye to Quite it would be better all around. She's got ^a ~~her~~ father now - and her feet won't touch ground for awhile. She's happy and she won't miss you too much - not until after you're gone . . . and then it won't be quite so bad.

BARNEY: (SOBERLY) I getcha.

HAWK: And I don't suppose I have to tell you why I think you should leave when Barney does - do I, Angie.

ANGIE: (SIGH) No - I get it too. . . Francine~~x~~ and ~~the~~ Pepillo are going to patch it up.

HAWK: They will - if you're not around. You've pulled Pepillo thru some tough days, Angie - and he might be swayed by gratitude . . . but the real feeling's between Pepillo and Francine.

ANGIE: (HARDENS UP) Well, don't be so mopey about it. I'm not stupid. I knew it was coming.

HAWK: (AFTER A MOMENT) You're pretty regular, Angie.

ANGIE: Aw, get lost with that guff. . . Barney, me boy, how you going to feel - flying with a dame at the controls.

BARNEY: (CHUCKLES) Nothin' doin' . . . unless she's as good a flier as you.

MUSIC: IN - FADE AFTER A MOMENT - UNDER:

(LIGHTPLANE TAKING OFF - AT DISTANCE - UNDER:)

ANNOUNCER: It was shortly after dawn that Angie's plane lifted itself above the Pelagrosa harbor, circled the vicinity of the viilage once, dipped a wing as it passed over where Hawk and Tony stand on the beach - and struck out northward . . .

(MUSIC: INTO THEME - FADE UNDER:)

Back in Middletown a sleepy postoffice clerk is ~~throwing~~ tossing a handful of incoming airmail letters into the delivery separation case. He does not pause even a split second as onæ letter - addressed to Mr Spencer Mallory, Aviation Unlimited - passes thru his hands . . . but this letter, when it reaches Hawk's hands, will begin an exciting new adventure of - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . .

(PLANE IN)

This is Tony Marvin inviting you to be with us Monday and every weekday, Monday thru Friday at this time, to follow the adventures of - THE SPARROW AND THE HAWK . . . written by Charles Gussman, directed by Richard Sanville - for CBS:

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